Lone Child

Frank Black

I don't like you much, I am like a wolf
I'm not full of your hate
I'm full of my grace, see here, my face
I am a king
See the empty stage, see there's nothing there
Save your ounce of despair
Your once wasted air, your devil may care
Poisonings
Lone child, born wild
No childish things
Lone child, born wild
No tribal strings
Lone child
I'll be moving on, creeping off the stage
I'll be tearing you out
Tearing you down, I'm growling now
In the wings
Lone child, born wild
No childish things
Lone child, born wild
No tribal strings